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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Trial of Treasure

Date of Original, 1567

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[1567]

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 122]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Trial of Treasure

1567

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Trial of Treasure

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The Trial of Treasure

This play was printed by Thomas Purfoot twice in the same year, 1567. *One of the impressions omitted the device on the* verso *of the title-page, but gave it, as in the original of this facsimile, above the colophon alone, which is the same as the imprint, but without the date. The priority of one impression to the other cannot with certainty be ascertained, but the one now facsimiled gives many better readings.*

Until "the Irish find" of 1906, *the only known copy of this edition was that in the British Museum* (*C.* 34, *b.* 49), *but another copy then turned up, and was secured, at auction sale, for America, it is believed. A copy of the edition having the device at the end only, and which also omits the colophon, is in the Bodleian.*

The authorship is unknown, and it may have been written a few years before it was printed.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, reports that "it is excellently done."

Special defects are as follows:—

(1) 𝔅. iii. "*this page would have been a better facsimile if printed a trifle more strongly.*"

(2) 𝔗. ii. *line* 19, *the smudge at commencement of line* "*is only a faint yellow stain in the original.*"

JOHN S. FARMER.

A new and mery Enterlude, called the Triall of Treasure, newly set foorth, and neuer before this tyme imprinted.

The names of the plaiers,

First, Sturdines, Contentation. Visitation, Time.
The second, Luste, Sapience, Consolation.
The thirde, the Preface, Iust, Pleasure, Gredy gutte.
The fourth, Elation, Trust, a woman, and Treasure, a woman.
The fifth, Inclination the Vice.

Imprinted at Londō in Paules Churcheyarde, at the signe of the Lucrece by Thomas Purfoote.
1567.

BRITISH MUSEUM

For all thinges to edifie the Congregation.

DIogenes which vsed a barell for his house,
Being fled frō his father to ỹ citie of Athēs,
Cōforted him self much in beholding ỹ mouse
which desired neither castell nor hold for her
Cōcerning sustentatiō, she made no differēce, (defēce
But eate what soeuer to her did befall,
And touching her apparell, she had least care of all.

This poore mouses propertie noted Diogenes,
Whiche oftentimes also, he would haue in sight,
And though he ware disciple vnto Antisthenes,
yet he learned of the mouse as muche as he might
In the science of Sophy he had great delight,
But concerning his state, and outward condition
The most can declare, if you make inquisition.

On a time he chaunsed accumpanied to be
With Alexāder, which stode betwene him & the sonne
What requirest thou to haue Diogenes (quod he)
Is there any thing that by me may be done?
I pray thee stande aside, and make a little roume
(quod Diogenes) that the sunne vpon me may shine,
Nought els requier I of thee that is thine.

He vsed to saie, that as seruauntes be obedient
To their bodely maisters being in subiection,
Euen so euill men that are not contente,
Are subiectes and slaues to their lustes and affection,
This lesson vnto vs may be a direction,
Which way our inclination to bridle and subdewe,
Namely if we labour the same to eschewe.

Thus see you howe little this Philosopher esteemed
the aboundaunt possessions of this mūdaine treasure
Which yet notwithstanding at these dayes is deemed
to be the originall and fountaine of pleasure,
this causeth lust to raigne without measure,
to the whiche men are subiectes, Diogenes doth say,
yet both lest and treasure in time weareth awaye.

A Philosopher is he that wisedome doth loue,
Which before Pithagoras, wyse men ware named
Nowe Diogenes being wyse, this doth approue
that some mē of this age, ought as fooles to be blamed
For where the one with treasure lack, his life framed
the other trauaile, care, and labour with gredines,
the same by all meanes, to enioye and possesse.

But as Lust with the luster, conuerteth to dust
And leaueth of force, his pleasaunt prosperitie,
So treasure in time, is turned to rust:
As S. James in his epistle sheweth the veritie
Hereof we purpose to speake without temerite,
Therefore our matter is named, ỹ triall of Treasure,
Which time doth expell, with all mundaine pleasure.

Both mery and short we pūrpose to be,
And therfore require your pardon and pacience,
We truste in our matter nothing you shall see,
That to the godly may geue any offence,
Though ỹ style be barbarous, not fined with eloquēce
Yet our Author desireth your gentle acceptation,
And we the players likewyse, with all humilation.

Finis.

Enter Luste like a gallaunt,
singing this songe.

HEy howe care away let the world passe
For I am as lusty as euer I was,
In floures I flourishe as blosomes in May,
Hey howe care away: hay howe care away.

What the Deuill ailed me to singe thus, Luste.
I crie you mercy by my faith for entring,
Moste like I haue ridden on the flyng Pegasus,
Or in Cock Lorrels barge I haue bene a bentringe,
Syng: why I would singe if it were to doe againe,
With Orpheus and Amphion I went to schole,
What, laddes must be liuely attending on the traine
Of lady Delectation, whiche is no small foole.
Hey rowse, fill all the pottes in the house,
Tushe man, in good felowship let vs be mery,
Looke vp like a man or it is not worth a louse.
Hey how troly lowe, hey dery dery,
Ha pleasaunt youth and lusty Juuentus,
In faithe it is good to be mery this may,
For of mans liuing here, there is no point endentus.
Therfore a litle mirth is worth much sorow some say.
But remember ye not the wyse mans sentence, Enter
It is better in the house of mourning to be Juste.
Thē in the house of laughter where foly hath residēce,
For lightnes with wisedome can not agree
Though many haue pleasure in fooliche phantasie.
Ensuing their inclination and luste,
Yet much better is the life of one that is iuste.

Luſte. Sir, in this you ſeme againſt me to inuaye,
Juſte. Nothing but reaſon I thinke I doe saye.
Luſte. Mary you ſhall haue a night cap for making ỹ reaſon,
Frinde haue you not a pece of ſtockefiſche to ſell,
I would you had a diſhe of butterd peaſon.
By my fauth your communication likes me well,
But I beſeche you tell me is not your name Juſte:
Juſte. yes forſothe.
Luſte. And my name thou ſhalt vnderſtande is luſt,
And accordíng therto I am luſty in deede,
But I thinke thou haſte drunke of Morpheus ſeede,
Thou goeſt like a drome dozy dreaming & drouſy,
I holde twenty pounde the knaue is louſy.
Juſte. Wyne apparell is not like vnto thyne,
Diſgurſed and tagged of ſundrie faſhion,
Howe be it, it is not golde alwayes that doth ſhine,
But corrupting Copper of ſmall valuation
To horrible beſides is thy operation,
Nothing more odious vnto the Juſte,
Then the beaſtly deſires of inordinate luſte.
Luſte. It is a ſhameſull thing as Cicero doth ſaye
That a man his owne actes ſhould praiſe & cõmende,
Hypocrites accuſtome thee like daye by daye
Checking other men, when they doe offende.
Juſte. Yea but it is an harde thing ſaieth the Philoſopher,
For a fooliſhe man to haue his maners reprehended,
And euen at this daie it is come ſo farre,
God graunt for his mercy it may be amended.
For tell a man friendly nowe of his faulte
Being blaſphemy, pryde, or vyle fornication,
He wilbe as preſumptuous as Haman the haulte
And repaye with reuenge or els defamation.

Thus

Thus fewe men a friendly monition will beare,
But stoutely persiste and maintaine their ill,
And in noble mens houses truly I do feare
There are to many haue suche froward will.
Woundes and hartes who can abyde this, Luste.
Nay ye byle bylayne I will dresse you therefore,
your lasy bones I pretende so to bisse,
That you shall haue small luste to prate any more.
Behold the Image of insipient fooles, Juste.
There are not a fewe euen nowe of thy propertie,
Untill you be put into powerties scholes:
ye will not forsake this folische insolencie.
Nay soft, with thee I haue not made an ende. Luste.
¶ Drawe out his swoorde.
The Just against lust must alwayes contend, Juste.
Therfore I purpose to wrestle with thee, Put it vp.
Who shall haue the victorie, streightwaye we shal see.
When thou wilt by his flesshe: I shall holde the wag Luste.
¶ Wrestle, and let Luste seeme to haue the better at the firste.
I know that lust vseth not litle to brag: Juste.
Thou shalt find me as mighty as Sampson ꝑ strōg Luste.
yea the battell of lust endureth long. Juste.
Woundes and flesshe, I was almost down on my back, Luste.
But yet I will wrestle till my bones cracke.
¶ Staye and then speake.
The ende of thy presumption nowe doth appeare, Juste.
yet dooe what thou canst I will not lie here, Luste.
No by his woundes you olde doting knaue, Caste him
thinkest thou that lust will be made a slaue, and let him
I shall mete you in Smithfield or els other wheare, arise again
By his flesh and bloud, I will thee not forbeare.
Not of my power I doe thee expell Juste.
But by the mighte of his spirite that dwelleth in me,

Inordinate

Inordinate luste with the iust may not dwell,
And therfore may not I accompanie thee.

Luste. Well goodman Juste, it is no matter,
But in faithe I pretende not with thee to flatter,
Go out, he must driue him out. Though from thy company departe I muste,
I shall liue in as much well hynes I truste.

Juste. Where moste wealth is and moste dilectation,
There Luste is commonly of moste estimation:
For where as wealth wanteth idlenes doth sla
But where idlenes is Lust parteth the stake.

Pause. Thus haue you seene the conflicte of the Juste,
Which all good men ought to vse and frequent
For horrible are the fruites of inordinate luste,
Whiche in some case resemble Hybra the serpent,
Whose head being cut of an other ryseth incontinent,
So one of Lustes cogitations being cut away
There ryseth vp an other, yea many we may saye:
It is requisite therfore that euery degree
Against this his lust, both striue and contende,
And though at the first he seeme sturdy to be,
The Lorde will conuince him for you in the ende.
Y our cause vnto him therefore holy commende,
Labouring to auoyde all inordinate luste,
Go out, And to practise in lyfe, to liue after the Juste.

Enter Inclination the Vise. I can remembre synce Noes ship
Was made and builded on Salisbury plaine,
The same yeere ẏ weathercock of Paules caught ẏ pip
So that Bowe bell was like much woe to sustaine,
I can remembre I am so olde,
Since Paradise gates were watched by night,
And when that Vulcanus was made a cuckold
Among the great Gods I appeared in sight.

Nay

Nay for all your smiling I tell you true,
No no, ye will not knowe me nowe,
The might on the earth I doe subdue,
tush, if you will giue me leaue yle tell ye howe,
Howe, in good faith I carenot greatly,
Although I declare my dayly encrease
But then these gentlewomen wilbe angry,
therfore I thinke best to holde my peace:
Nay I beseche you let the matter staye,
For I would not for twenty pounde come in their hãdes
For if there should chaunce to be but one Dalila,
By the mas thei would binde me in Samsons bands
But what meane I first with them to beginne,
Seing that in all men I doe remaine,
Because that first I remayned euen within,
And after her Adam and so foorth to Caine,
I perceiue by your lookes my name ye would knowe,
Why you are not ignorannt of that I dare saye,
It is I that doe guyde the bente of your bowe,
And ruleth your actions also daye by daye,
Forsothe I am called Natural inclination
Whiche bred in old Adams fostred bones,
So that I am proper to his generation
I will not awaye with casting of stones,
I make the stoutest to bowe and bende:
Againe when I luste I make men stande vpright
From the lowest to the highest I doe ascende,
Drawing them to thinges of naturall might.

¶ Enter Luste, and Sturdines, singing this songe.

¶ Where is the knaue, that so did raue:

O that we could him finde,
We would him make, for feare to quake
That loute of lobbishe kinde.
My name is lust, & let him truste
That I will haue reuenge,
For thou and I, will make him flie,
Mine oulde friende Sturdines.

Luste. Where is nowe that valiaunt Hercules,
For all his bragges he is nowe ronne away:
Sturdi. By the guttes of Golya, it is best for his ease,
Bragging ly For he was moste like for the pottage to paye.
Inclina. Cockes soule: what bragging knaues haue we here,
Come ye to conuince the mightiest conquerer,
It was I that before you now doth appeare,
Which brought to confusion both Hector & Alexander:
Looke on this legge ye prating slaues,
I remember since it was no greater then a tree,
At that time I had a cupple of knaues
Muche like vnto you that waighted on me.
Luste. Cockes precious soule, let vs conquer the knaue,
Sturdi. By his flesche and sydes, a good courage I haue,
Stande you therfore a litle aslyde
And ye shall see me quickely abate the fooles pryde.

Drawe out the swearde, make him put it vp, & then strike him, looke in your spectacles.

Inclina Naye I dare not I if thou lookest so bigge,
What should suche a Boye fight with a pigge.
Put vp thy swoorde man we will agree,
So lo: doe so much as beare that for mee.
Sturdi. Nay by his harte, then I will you deresse.

Be

Be Good in thine office gentle friend Sturdines, Inclina.
For though thou and I doe seme to contende,
yet we are, and must be friendes till the ende.
Come geue me thy hande I beshrowe thy harte. Sturdi.
Nay you must take all thinges in good parte, Inclina.
Who standeth yonder captaine Luste.
Bea mary. Sturdi.
No remedy then to him go I must, Inclina.
you haue forgot I dare say your old frend Inclinatiō
But let vs renew acquaintaūce again for cocks passiō
Why man our acquaintaunce hath bene of olde, Luste.
I am yours at commaundement therfore be bolde,
For Luste can doe nothing without Inclination,
Chiefly in matters concerning a pleasaunt vocation.
In dede Luste may be taken for a thing indifferent Incli.
Except Inclination be ioyned therebnto,
But when that I once haue reaueled my entent,
As I will men to worke so commonly they doe,
Ye haue harde of the combate betwene me & Just. Luste.
ye mary, I harde saye that you laye in the dust. Inclina.
What saye ye. Luste.
Neither one worde nor other ye may me truste. Inclina.
Of mine honestie my company he vtterly refused, Luste.
And in wrestling with me he gaue me the foyle,
Saying: that I had my selfe and other abused.
Leading men in perplexitie & maruellous toile.
By gogs woundes if we had founde him here, Sturdi.
We should by his flesshe haue abated his chere.
I perceiue Sturdines thou art no foole, Incli.
Tell me of fellowship where wentest thou to schole,
What to reade or wrighte. Sturdi.
Nay to sweare and fight. Incli.

For I thinke thou canst neither wryte, reade, nor spel,
But in swearing and fighting thou doest excell.

Sturdi-nes. Thou knowest that I am ioyned with Luste,
And Sturdy by nature I am in like case,
What let the worlde wag, all can not be Juste,
Some must Naturall inclination embrace.

Luste. All men Juste: no, I remember the sentence of Tully
That noman is Juste, that feareth death, powertie or
which I do feare all & that marueilously, (paine,
For fortune is variable I doe perceiue playne,
And notwithstanding that I'ir possessed great gaine,
yet when Paule preached of the iudgement daye,
He trembled for feare and bad him go awaye.

Inclina. Doth such passions often trouble your mynde.

Luste. Nay not often, but sometime I doe them finde,
But then to the entent to dryue them awaye,
I either go to sleape, or els to some playe.

Sturdi. By gogs precious harte, euen so doe I,
But sometyme they comber me pestilently.

Inclina-tion. Well maister Luste, such dumpes to eschewe
My aduise and request you must nedes ensue,
That is to become disciple to doctor Epicurus,
And then you shall haue myrth by measure & ouerplus
Tushe, I knowe a cupple companions in store
That ware marueilous mete for you euermore,
I wishe you vnto them.

Luste. Well then call them in.

Incli. Here they come each of them in a knaues skinne.

[Enter Elation and Gredy gutte.

With luste to liue is our delight,
In highe estate and dignitie,

Seing

Seing that the Juſt put vs to flight,
Let them alone in miſerie.

Nay, they be luſty laddes I tell ye. Sturdi.
What Inclination, me thought I did ſmell thee, Elation
Gyue me thy hande or we ſoyther go.
Nowe welcome in faith, and Gredy gutte alſo, Inclina.
But ſyrs, are none of you both acquainted with Luſt.
yes that they haue bene both of them I truſte, Luſte.
welcome ſyrs in faithe welcome vnto me.
By my trothe I am glad your maiſterſhip to ſee Elation.
In health and proſperitie, as preſently you bee.
Bom fay ſo am I wod all my harte. Gredy.
This cowe bellied knaue doth come from the carte, Inclina.
Ile teache you to ſpeake I hold you a pounde,
Curchy Lob curchy, downe to the grounde.
Che can make curchy well enowe. Gredy.
Lower old knaue or ple make ye to bowe, Inclina.
The great bellied loute me thinke can not bende,
yes ſo lo, he beginneth now to amende.
Well ſyrs, nowe I remember Eſopes aduiſe Luſte.
whiche he gaue to the Samies againſt king Craſſus,
Therfore it is good to be wittie and wyſe,
And being in libertie to kepe me ſtill thus:
I can not abide a life that is dolorous,
And ſeing that my name is properly Luſte,
I hate the conuerſation alſo of the Juſte.
Well maiſter Luſte, firſt ioyne you to me Inclinatiõ Inclina
Next here with Sturdines you muſt you acquainte
Turne you about and embrace Elation,
And that wealth may encreaſe without any reſtraint
Ioine you with Gredy gutte here in our preſence,

That all theſe in you may haue proſperous influence.

¶ Bowe to the grounde.

Luſte. Out alas, what a ſodaine paſſion is this,
I am ſo taken that I can not ſtande,
The crampe, the crampe, hath touched me ywis,
I ſhall die without remedie nowe out of hande.

Gredy. By my matens theſe, our maiſter is ſicke.

Inclina. Stande back Nycoll nody with the pudding pricke,
Moze braines in thy ſkinne then witte in thy braine,
Such Gredy guttes in faith would be flayne,
This crampe doth ſignifie nothing in effect
But howe he is bowed by me Inclination,
None of all your councels he will nowe reiecte,
And therefore feare not to make full declaration.

Sturdi. Then feare not the force of theſe that be iuſte,
But labour your ſelfe to aduaunce and augment,
Be iocound and liuely ſithe your name is luſt,
And then you ſhall eaſely obteine your entente.

Elation. Eſteme your ſelfe alwayes equall with the beſte,
And ſeeke for promotion, power, and dignitie:
It is good when men may liue as they luſte,
And vnto the iuſte beare hate and malignitie.

Gredy. Our ye muſt be gredy to catche and to clawe.

Incli. Well ſaid Gredy gutte, as wyſe as a dawe,

Gredy. Eate vp at a mouthfull, houſes and landes.

¶ Gape and the Vice gape.

Incli. Theres a bengeable mouth to,

Gredy. Neuer feare God nor the gouernours lawe,
But gripe gripe gredely all that cometh in your hads,
By the Maſſe but Hewe Howlet is peſtilens witty,
What guttiſhe gredineſſe the horeſon can teache
That thou art not erected in faith it is pitie,
As hie as thzee trees, and a halter will reache.

Mary

Mary syrs, but your councels hath set me on fire. Luste.
Hey lusty lad, how fresche am I nowe,
Leade me Inclination to haue my desire,
And then at thy request I wyll euer bende & bowe.
He that bendeth to folowe his owne inclination, Incli.
Must nedes liue a wicked and vile conuersation,
But go maister Luste, I will leade you to a place
Where you shall haue pleasure enough in short space.
yea, but shall not this company goe thether. Luste.
yes mary we foure will all go together, Inclina.
But Sturdines shall tary to face out the matter,
If Juste peraduenture against you should clatter.
By the masse, and well said, but first let vs sing, Sturdi.
I must tune my pipes first of all with drinking. Incli.
Tushe what then, I praie thee help vs beare a part. Elation
yes I will sing the trouble with all my harte. Incli.
Luste shalbe led by inclination
To carnall cogitation,
Where luste is led Wholy by me,
He must fall to Cupidite,
For carnall cares shall him assaile,
And spedely they shall preuaile.
I Sturdines will face it out,
In his cauls, sturdy stiffe and stoute,
Then Gredy gutte shall make him eate,
Both houle & lands, like bread & meate.
Elation shal puffe him hie
For to aspier aboue the skie,
Then natural and lordly luste,
Shall with his poure dispise the Juste.

Our

Elation. Our ſonge is ended haſte thou other in ſoze,
Inclina. I ſhall not haue done this halfe houre and moze,
yet I will nowe I remember, come in Luſte.
That I go befoze is but nedfull and iuſt,
Go out all foure. you ſhalbe nowe led by me Inclination
to reaſon and talke with Carnall cogitation.
Sturdi. Is there moze vanitie vnder neath the ſonne,
Then to be inclined after this ſoꝛte,
well Luſte doth now as other haue done,
yea, and doe daye by daye, eſteming it a ſpoꝛte,
this Luſte is the Image of all wicked men,
whiche in ſeeking the woꝛlde, haue all delectation,
they regarde not God noꝛ his cõmaundementes tenne
But are wholy led by their owne Inclination,
Firſt to inculcate with Carnall cogitation,
And after to the deſier of all woꝛldly treaſure,
whiche alone they eſteme the fulnes of pleaſure
with Elation oꝛ Pride he is alſo aſſotiate,
which puffeth vp his ſences with preſumption peſtilẽt
then Gredy gutte maketh them continually to grate
On ỹ mock of this woꝛld which he thinketh permanẽt,
I ſturdines to beare out all thinges, am bent:
thus ſee you howe men that are led by their luſte,
Diſſent from the vertuous godlie and Juſte.

Go out. Enter Juſte and Sapience.

Sapiẽce The aduiſe of Ariſtippus haue in your mynde,
which willed mẽ to ſeke ſuch thinges as be permanẽt
And not ſuch as are of a vaniſhing kinde
Foꝛ the one with the other is not equiualent,
Be circumſpect therefoꝛe, foꝛſeing and Sapient,
Foꝛ treaſures here gotten are vncertaine and vaine,
But treaſures of the mynde do continually remaine.

This

This is the mynde of Mulonus also I remembre: Juste.
Like as presently you haue aduertised me,
For the which I can not but thankefully render,
Such commendations as is requisite to be.
And as your name is Sapience, thus muche I see,
That on heauenly wisedome you doe depende,
And not on as time doth bring to an ende.
Truthe in deede, & therfore your name being Juste, Sapiẽce
With me and my documentes must be allotiate,
Where contrary suche as are led by their lust,
To incline euill are alwayes appropriate,
They haue not as you haue, battel & combate,
Against the cogitations that inwardly spring,
But rather are obedient vnto the same thing,
And this is the occasion that men are so ambitious,
And so foolishe led by the luste of their braine,
Sometime to couet, sometime to be vicious,
Sometime the councell of the wyse to disdaine,
Sometime to clime till they fall downe againe,
Sometime to vsurpe the possessions of other,
Sometime to disobeye both father and mother.
Alas what auaileth it ryches to enioye, Juste.
Though as muche in cõparison as Cressus the king,
What helpeth it to haue Helene in Troye,
If the conscience of man continually sting,
Elation and Pryde, no commoditie doth bring,
But is often knowen the forerunner of shame,
And the blotte of immortall memorie and fame.
Nowe by my hallydome it is alone a, Enter Inclination the Vice.
Better sporte in my life I neuer sawe,
It is trimme I tel you to daũce with John & Jone a:
We passe not a point for God nor his lawe,

C But

But Luſt is luſty and full of porridge,
Cogitation and he, in one Bed doth lie
Wherefore is maiſter Juſte with his cancred corage,
What an olde doting Sapience then I am dreſſed I.
So often already Juſte hath me reſtrained,
That I dare not entiſe him any more,
For though Sapience he hath me clerely diſdained
That my courage is ſpent, and I haue no more.

Take a going back,

Sapiẽce Nay ſofte ſyr we muſt talke with you or ye go.
Inclina I can not tary at this time the truthe is ſo.
Juſte. Nay, there is no remedy with you we muſt talke.
Inclina. By the body of me, I holde beſt that I walke,
Or els learne to ſpeake language another whyle,
And ſo I may happen the knaues to beguyle.
Juſte. Turne back or you go, we haue somewhat to ſay.
Incli. Non point parla franſois, nonne par ma foy.
Sapiẽce To deceiue vs nowe him ſelfe he doth prepare.
Incli. Ick en can ghene engliſche ſpreken voorwaer,
Body of me let me go, or els I ſhall piſſe,
I wis maiſter Juſte, you haue loued me or this,
Therfore nowe be ruled after my counſell,
And godly thinges for your commoditie I ſhall you tel
Sapiẽce Let him that is Juſte not lightly enſue,
His vyle inclination and carnall concupicence,
But let him rather contende the ſame to ſubdue,
And chiefly thoſe that haue knowledge of Sapience,
Therefore to bridle this luſte do your diligence,
His craftie prouocations vtterly to reſtrayne,
That Juſt may liue whyle life doth remaine.
Inclina. Godd man hoball ſpeake you in earneſt:
What doeſt thou ſaye, ſhall the Juſt bride me,

No

No no, brother snappes, doe the worste and thy best,
I will not be bridled of him nor of thee.
Seing Sapience consisteth in heauenly document, Juste.
And that heauenly document consisteth in sapience
To bridle this wretche I can not but consent,
Sithe I of his purpose haue had ofte intelligence.
Yet againe bydle, it doth not preuayle. Inclina.
I will not be bridled of the best of you both,
See you this gere heres one will make you to quatle,
Stande backe, to kil you maister iust I would be loth
you haue bene so burned and fried of late,
That it were pitie to hurte you any more,
Back I say, or my dagger shall about your pate,
By the masse but I will syr, ple make your bones sore.
Struggle two or thre tymes,
I will bridle thee beast for all thy bragging. Juste.
In faith good man Juste, ple holde ye wagging. Incli.
Nay brother, ye shall finde me a curste colte to bridle,
Nay in faith, better yet I will make thee to struggle.
Neuer leue him but ensue the councell of sapience. Sapiẽce
Lo nowe I haue brought him vnder obedience. Juste.
Bydle him.
Not so obedient as thou thinkest me to haue, Incli.
Nay brother, ye shall finde me a coltishe knaue,
We he, he, it is good for you to holde faste,
For I will kicke and winche whyle thy lyfe doth laste.
Thou shalt kicke in deede but no victory wynne, Sapiẽce
Neither to conquer the Just to vngodlines nor sinne,
O yes, O yes, I will make a proclamation. Incli.
What shall that be. Juste.
If ye will geue me leaue then you shall see, Incli.
O yes, is there any man or woman that hath lost,

I gamboling gelding with a graye tayle,
Let him come to the Crier and paie for his coste,
And he will tell him tidinges without any fayle.

Sapiēce To the entent, that you may him sharpely restraine,
Let him not enioye so muche of the raine.

¶ Bridle him shorter.

Inclina Cockes soule, nowe the snaffle cutteth my lip,
I would this luberly knaue had the pip,
I shall leape no hedges while this bridle is on,
Out alas, I thinke it will fret me to the bone.

Sapiēce Thus should euery man that wilbe called Juste,
Bridle and subdue his beastly inclination,
That he in the ende may obtaine perfect truste,
The messenger of God to geue light to saluation.

Juste. That truste to obtaine with him I haue struggled,

Sapiēce Then let vs departe and leaue this beast bridled.

¶ Go out both,

Inclina. Mary the deuill go with you and his dun dame,
Such horse maisters will make a colte quickely tame,
I would he were hanged that this snaffell did make,
It maketh my chappes so shamefully to ake,
ye haue no pitie on me you I se by your laughing,
I care not greatly if I fall to gambolling,
We he, he, he, he, he, come aloft I saye,
Beware the horse heles I auise you, stande awaye,
The raine of my bridle is tied so shorte,
That I can not make you any more sporte,
But though I be bridled now of the Juste,
I doubte not but I shalbe vnbridled by Luste,
And let not Just thinke but I will rebell,
Although he bridle me tenne times all well,
Though nature saith one doune with a croche,

It

It will not lie long but incontinent aproche,
Euen so, though that I be bridled a whyle,
The Colte will at length the Curser beguyle,

¶Enter Gredy gutte running and catche a fall,

Chill runne I as fast as I can, Gredy.
zures did none of you zee a man,
Cham zent in haste from my maister Luste,
So that Inclination nedes come to him must.
Where is he nowe I praye thee tell me. Incli.
Why what haue we here Jesus benedicite, Gredy.
I holde twenty pounde it is Baalams Asse,
Nay tis a Colte, I see his tayle by the masse.
Am I a Colte, nay thou liest lyke a knaue, Incli.
Somewhat for thy labour nowe shalt thou haue.
Ho ball ho, lousy Jade must ye kicke. Gredy.
Who euer sawe suche a desperate Dicke, Inclina.
Why Gredy gutte, doest thou not knowe Inclinatiō.
Body O me, who hath dzest thee of that fashion, Gredy.
Thou arte bzydled for byting nowe in deede,
Syza, maister Luste would haue thee make spede.
I am bridled I, euen as thou doest see, Incli.
Therefore desier him to come and helpe me,
But what is the matter that he for me sente.
Mary to gather with Gredines, nowe he is bent, Gredy.
He hath had long talke with Carnal cogitation,
And is set on fier by the meanes of Elation,
So that he is so lusty he can not abyde.
Therefore one or other for him must be spied.
Well Gredy gutte, I praye thee goe and make haste. Inclina.
Tushe feare not chill spende no time in waste. Gredy.
I had rather then .xl. pence that he ware come, Incli.
If I be bridled long I shalbe vndone,

So

So charpe is this snaffell called restrainte,
That it maketh me sweate I am so faint:
Harke, I heare the voyce of my maister Luste,
Now I shalbe vnbridled shortly I truste.

Enter Luste,

Luste. Cocks precious woundes, here hath bene bilanie
Inclina. Ye, re they haue vsed me with to much bilanie,
That old knaue Sapience so counseled Juste,
But let me be vnbridled good maister Luste.

Unbridle him,

Luste. Lo now thou art vnbridled, be of good chere.
By lady I am glad I haue gotten thus cleare,
But harke you maister Lust, if I may do you pleasure
Whisper, whisper, She is called Treasure.
Luste. O my harte is on fyre till she come in place.
Inclina. O maister Luste, she hath an amiable face,
A tricker, a trimmer, in faith that she is,
The goddes of wealth, prosperitie and blisse.
Luste. But thinke you that this minion long endure shall.
Inclina. For euer and euer man, she is immortall:
There be many other, but she exceadeth them all.
Luste. What be they, haue you their names in store,
Inclina. Yea harke in your eare. & many other more
Luste. Sithe that the apple of Paris before me is cast,
And that I may deliuer the same where I will,
I would Prometheus were here to helpe me hold fast
That I might haue a fore witte with me euer still,
Pallas I consider in science hath skill,
But Juno and Uenus, good will doe I beare,
Therfore to geue the Appull I know not where.
Incli. Be conciled by me and geue it lady Treasure,
It shalbe for your cõmoditie in ẏ end without measur

For

For hauing the company of this minion lasse,
you shall neuer wante the societie of Pallas,
Juno, nor yet the armipotent Mars,
Can not resiste your strengthe be they neuer so fearce
And as for Uenus, you shall haue at pleasure,
For she is bought and solde alwayes with Treasure,
She of her power hath whole countries conquered
The most noble chãpions by her hath ben murthered
Acon for her sake was stoned to death,
Tushe, innumerable at this day spende their breath,
Some hange or be hanged, they loue her so well,
She is the great goddesse, it is true that I tell.
Which way should I worke of her to haue a sight. Luste.
I Inclination will leade you thyther right, Incli.
But we must haue Gredy gutte and also Elation.
They are at the house of carnall Cogitation. Luste.
Whether I would wyshe that we might departe. Incling.
I will leade you thether with all my harte.

Go out. Enter Just, Trust, a woman playnly, and Contentation, knele downe singing, she haue a crowne,

So happy is the state of those
That walke vpright and iuste,
That thou Lorde doest thy face disclose
By perfect hope and truste.
Their Inclination thou doest stay,
And sendest them Sapience,
That they should serue and eke obey,
Thy highe magnificence.
Thou sendest contentation,
That we in thee may rest, Ther=

Therefore all adoration,
To thee perteineth best.

Juste. God careth for his as the Prophet doth saye,
And preserueth them vnder his mercifull wynges,
Namely the Juste that his will doe obey,
Obseruing his holy commaundement in all thinges,
Not for our sake, or for our deseruinges,
But for his owne sake openly to declare,
That all men on earth ought to lyue in his feare.

Truste. Howe God hath blissed you all men may see,
For first at your entraunce you conquered Luste,
Not by your power, but by myght of the deitie,
As all persons ought to doe that be Juste.
Then through Sapience which God did you sende,
You bridled that brutishe beaste Inclination,
And also ordred you with Contentation.

Conten. Those that are contented with their vocation,
Be thankefull to God, this is a true consequent,
And those that be thankefull in their conuersation,
Cannot but please the Lorde God omnipotent,
But those that be sturdie, proude, and disobediente,
The Ruler of all Rulers will them confounde,
And rote their remembraunce of from the grounde.

Juste. When Solon was asked of Cressus the king,
What man was moste happie in this vale terestriall,
To the ende he semeth to attriqute that thing,
When men be associate with treasures celestiall,
Before the ende can no man iudge he doth saie,
That any man is happie that here beareth breath,
But then by his ende prately iudge we may,
Thus true happines consisteth saith he after death.

If this be a truthe as vndoubtedly it is,
What men are more foolish, wretched and miserable,
Thē those ꝙ in these treasures accōpt their whole blys
Being infect with ambition that sickenes vncurable.
O wicked Adrastia, thou goddes detestable,
Thus to plucke from men the sence of their mynde,
So that no contentation, therein they can finde.
The treasure of this worlde we may well compare Truste.
To Circes the witche, with her crafty cautilitie,
Where with many mens myndes so poysoned are,
That quite they are caried into all fidelitie,
They are coniured in deede, and bewitched so sore,
That treasure is their truste, ioye and delight,
True truste is expelled they passe not therefore.
And against contentation, they continually fight.
But though wicked men folowe their lust,
Crying, on earth is our felicitie and pleasure,
yet God doth so guide the hartes of the iuste,
That they respecte chiefly the celestiall treasure.
Alas should we not haue that estimation, Conten.
Which God hath prepared for his dere elect,
Should not our myndes reste in full contentation,
Hauing truste in this treasure, most highe in respecte:
S. Paule, when the Lorde so highe did erecte,
Saith: it passeth the sence of our memory and mynde,
Much lesse can our outward eyes the same finde.
And as for treasures which men possesse here
Through fickelnes of fortune, some fadeth away,
The greatest of renowme and most worthy pere,
Sometime falleth, in the end to myserye and decaie,
Recorde of Dionisius, a king of much fame,
Of the valiaunt Alexander, and Caesar the strong.

Record of Tarquini⁹, which Superbus had to name,
And of Heliogabolos that ministred with wronge,
If I should recite all, I should stande very long.
But these be sufficient plainely to approue,
Howe sone by vncertentie, this treasure doth remoue.

Juste. It is true, therefore a mynde well contente,
Is great riches as the wyse king Salomon doth say:
We haue seene of late daies this cancar pestilent
Corrupting our realme, to our great decaie,
Ambition I meane, whiche chiefly did raigne
Among those that should be examples to other,
We sawe howe their brethren they did disdaine,
And burned with fire the childe with the mother,
It is often seene that such monsters ambitious,
As spare not to spill the bloud of the innocente,
Will not greatly sticke to become seditious,
The determination of God thereby to preuente:
God graunt euery one of vs earnestly to repent,
And not to set our mindes on this fading treasure,
But rather wyshe and wil, to doe the Lordes pleasure.

Truste. O ye Emperours, Potētates, & Princes of renowne,
Learne of Just with truste your selues to associate,
That like as your vocation, by right doth aske ỳ crown
And also due obediēce, being ỳ appointed magistrate,
So rule that at the laste you may be resuscitate,
And raigne with ỳ almightie with perfect cōtinuāce,
Receiuing double crownes for your godly gouernaūce
ye noble men, whome God hath furnished with fame,
Be myndefull to walke in the wayes of the Juste,
Adde vertue euermore to your honorable name,
And be not ouercome of concupicence or luste,
Fle from lone of Treasure, catche holde of me Truste.

And

And then double felicitie, at the laſt you ſhall poſſeſſe,
And in al earthly doings, God ſhal geue good ſucces.
ye poore men & commons, walke well in your vocation
Baniſhe luſte and deſier, which is not conuenient,
Let truſte worke in you a full contentation,
Conſidering that it leadeth to treaſures more excellēt
For theſe are vncertaine, but they are moſt permanēt:
your neceſſitie ſupplie with vertue and truſte,
And then ſhall you enioye your crown among ỹ Juſt.

As I being properly nominate Juſte, Juſte.
Am here aſſociate with contentation,
So haue I my whole felicitie in Truſte,
Who illumineth mine eyes to ſee my ſaluation.

Feare ye not, ſhortly you ſhall haue conſolation, Truſte.
If I were once growen in you to perfection,
Euen thus goeth it alwaies with ỹ children of electiō

I will departe nowe, will ye go with me truſte. Juſte.
yea I muſt alwaies aſſociate the Juſte. Truſte.
A pſalme of thankeſgeuing firſt let vs ſing, Conten.
To the laude and prayſe of the immortall kinge.

Here if you will: ſing the man is bleſt that feareth God. &c.

Go out, Enter Inclination laughing.

Luſt (quod he) now in faithe he is luſty: Inclī.
Lady Treaſure and he hath made a matche,
He thinketh that I ware marueylous truſty,
Becauſe I teache him to clawe and to catche,
And now a daies amitie doth therein conſiſte,
He that can flatter ſhalbe well beloued,
But he that ſaieth, thus and thus ſaieth Chriſte,
Shall as an enemy be openly reproued.

Friendſhip, yea, friendſhip cõſiſteth now in adulatiõ,
Speake faire and pleaſe the luſt of thy Lorde,
I warrante thee be had in great eſtimation,
When thoſe that tell truthe, ſhalbe abhorde,
A vnhappy lingua, whether wilt thou ren,
Take hede I aduiſe thee, leaſt thou be ſhent,
If ye chaunce to tell any tales of theſe gentlewomen,
With fleſhe hokes and nayles, you are like to be rent,
Nay for the paſſion of me, be not ſo moued,
And I will pleaſe you incontinent againe,
Aboue all treaſures you are worthy to be loued,
Becauſe you do no men deride nor diſdaine,
You doe not contempte the ſimple and poore,
you be not hie minded, proude and preſumptuous,
Neither wanton nor wyly you be neuer more,
But gentle, louing, modeſtie, and vertuous,
Beholde howe a lie can pleaſe ſome folkes diet,
O pacifie their myndes marueilous well,
All whyſte I warrant ye, ſo they in quiet,
Howe to pleaſe you hereafter now I can tell,
Harke, I heare Luſte and my lady Treaſure.
They are giuen to ſolace ſinging and pleaſure.

Enter Luſte and Treaſure a woman, finely apparelled.

Luſte. Ah Amorous Lady of bewtifull face,
Thou art hartely welcome into this place,
My harte is inclined to thee lady Treaſure,
My loue is inſatiate, it kepeth no meaſure.

Treaſur. It is I maiſter Luſt that will you aduaunce,
Treaſure, it is that thinges doth enhaunce
Upon me ſet your whole affection and luſte,
And paſſe not a point for the wayes of the Juſte,

Treaſure

Treasure is a pleasure, beare that in mynde,
Both trusty and true ye shall me alwayes finde.
As trusty as is a quicke eie by the tayle, Inclina.
What Lady Treasure welcome without fayle,
To be better acquainted with you once I truste,
But I dare not in the presence of my maister Luste,
ye are welcome syr hartely, what be of good courage:
Drawer, let vs haue a pynte of white wyne & borage.
Wherefore I praye thee tell, Luste.
Mary me thinke you are not well. Inclina.
Not well, who can a better life craue, Luste.
Then to possesse suche a lady as I haue:
Is there any wealth not conteined in treasure,
Thy lady, I loue thee in faith out of measure.
It is out of measure in deede as you saie, Inclt.
And euen so most men loue her at this daie:
Oh she is a mynion of amorous hewe,
Her pere in my daies yet I neuer knewe,
(Old quod you) I am an olde knaue I tell ye,
Nay, neuer laughe at ỹ matter, for doubtles I smel ye.
She passeth Juno, Ceres, and Pallas,
More beautifull then euer dame Venus was,
Othea in sapience she doth excede,
And Diana in dignitie, of whome we doe reade.
What should faire Helene once named be,
She excelleth all these maister Luste beleue me.
Howe saye you, is not this an eloquent lad- Luste.
That you haue such a seruaunt, truely I am glad. Treasur
Ha, ha, nowe in deede I can you not blame, Inclina.
For women of all degrees are glad of the same,
They that flatter and speake them fayre,
Shalbe their sonnes, and peraduenture their ayre.

Luste. You tolde me of a brother you had lady Treasure.
Treasur yea syr that I haue, his name is called Pleasure,
And seing you enioye me now at your will,
Right sone I am sure he will come you vntill.
Luste. Truly of him I would faine haue a sight,
For because ỳ in pleasure I haue marueilous delight.
Inclina. Then honestie and profite you may bidde good night
Luste. What saiest thou?
Incli. I saie he will shortly appeare in sight,
I knowe by his singing, the same is he,
The misbegotten orpheus, I thinke that he be.

¶Enter pleasure singing this song.

O happy eaies, and pleasaunt playes,
Wherein I doe delight a
I doe pretende, till my liues ende
To liue still in such plighte a.

Inclina. Maister pleasure I perceiue you be of good chere,
Pleasur What Inclination old lad, art thou here.
Inclina. Yea syr, and lady Treasure your sister also.
Pleasur Body of me, then vnto her I will go,
What syster, I am glad to mete with you here.
Treasur Welcome vnto me mine owne brother dere.
Maister Luste, this is my brother of whome I tolde,
He is pleasaunt and lusty, as you may beholde.
Luste. Gentlemã (I pray you) is your name master Pleasure
Pleasur yea syr, and I am brother to lady Treasure.
Luste. And are you contented to accompanie me.
Pleasur Where as she is resident I must nedes be,
Treasure doth Pleasure commonly proceade,
But the one is with ỳ other, they haue both so decreed
Inclina. Mary now you are well in deede maister Luste,

This

This is better I trowe then the life of the Juste,
They be compelled to possesse contentation,
Hauing no treasure but trust of saluation,
But my lady your mistris, my mistris I would saye,
She worketh you may see to kepe you from decaie.
O madame, in you is all my delight, Luste.
And in your brother Pleasure, both daye and night,
The triall of treasure this is in deede,
I perceiue that she is a true frende at neede.
For I haue proued her according as Thales doth saye
And I perceiue that her bewtie can not decaye.
Alwayes with you I wilbe resident, Treasur
So that your life shalbe most excellent.
yea syr, and me Pleasure also you shall haue, Pleasur
So that none other thinge there nedeth to craue,
I will replenishe your harte with delight,
And I wilbe alwayes with treasure in sighte,
But if you desire to enioye me at your will,
My sister you must haue in reputation still,
And then as her treasure is certaine and excellent,
My pleasure shalbe both perfect and permanent,
Credite not those syr that talke that and this,
Saiyng, that in vs twoo consisteth no blisse,
But let experience your mynde euer moue,
And see if all men vs twoo doe not loue.
Loue, yes they loue you in deede without doubte, Inclina.
Which shutteth some of thē Gods kingdome without:
They loue you so well that their God they do hate,
As time hath declared to vs euen of late,
But he that on such thinges his study doth caste,
Shalbe sure to be deceiued at the laste,
What doest thou saie, Luste.

Of

Inclina. Of treasure forsoth ye must ever holde fast.
For if you should chaunce to lose lady Treasure,
Then fare well in post this gentleman Pleasure.
Luste. My loue to them both can not be expresst,
And especially my Lady you I loue best.
Treasur If ye loue me as you doe professe,
Be ye sure you shall wante no kinde of welthines.
Pleasur And if you haue welthines at your owne wyll,
Then will I pleasure remayne with you still.
Incli. You are both as constant as snowe in the sunne,
Which from snow to water through melting doth run
But worldly wyse men can not conceaue that.
To honte for suche myse they learne of the cat.
Luste. My Lady is amorous and full of fauour.
Inclina. I may say to you she hath an ilfauoured fauour.
Luste. What saiest thou?
Inclina. I saye she is louing and of gentle behauiour.
Treasur And so I will continue still be you sure.
Pleasur And I in like case whyle your life doth endure,
Luste. Ah truste treasure, ah pleasaunt pleasure,
All wealth I possesse nowe without measure.
And seing that the same shall firmely remayne,
To helpe me singe a songe, will you take the paine.
Treasur Euen with all my harte beginne whan ye will.
Incli. To it, and I will either helpe or stand still.

¶ Singe this songe.

Am not I in blissed case
Treasure and pleasure to possesse,
I would not wishe no better place,
If I may still haue welthines,

And

And to enioye in perfect peace,
My lady lady.
My pleasaunt pleasure shall encrease
My deare lady.
Helene may not compared be,
Nor Creseda that was so bright,
These can not staine the shine of thee
Nor yet Minerua of great might,
Thou passest Uenus farre away,
Lady lady,
Loue thee I will both night and day
My dere lady.
My mouse my nobs and cony swete
My hope and ioye my whole delight,
Dame nature may fall at thy feete,
And may yelde to thee her crowne of righte
I will thy body nowe embrace,
Lady lady
And kisse thy swete and pleasaunt face,
My dere lady.

Enter Gods visitation.

Uisita.

I am Gods minister called Uisitation,
Which diuers and many waies you may understande
Sometime I bring sickenes, sometime perturbation,
Sometime trouble and misery throughout the lande,
Sometime I signifie gods wrath to be at hande,

Sometime a forerunner of distruction imminent,
But an executer of paine I am at this present,
Thou insipient foole that hast folowed thy luste,
Disdaining the doctrine declared by Sapience,
In treasure and pleasure hath bene thy truste,
Which ye thoughtest should remaine euer in thy prelece
Thou neuer remembrest Thales his sentence,
Who willeth men in all thinges to kepe a measure,
Especially in loue to incertaintie of treasure,
Euen nowe I am come from visiting the Just,
Because God beginneth first with his elect,
But he is so associate and comforted with truste,
That no kinde of impacience his soule can infecte,
Contentation in suche sorte his race doth directe,
That he is contented with Gods operation,
Comfortably embracing me his visitation.
But nowe I am come to vexe thee with paine,
Which makest treasure thy castell and rocke,
Thou shalt knowe that both she and pleasure is vain,
And that the almighty thou canst not mocke,
Anguishe and griefe into thee I doe caste,
With paine in thy members continually,
Now thou hast paine thy pleasure can not laste,
But I will expelle him incontinently.

Luste. O cockes harte, what a pestilence is this,
Departe from me I saye, hence gods Visitation,
Helpe, helpe, lady treasure thou goddes of blis,
At thy handes let me haue some consolation.

Treasur I will remaine with you be out of doubte,

Incli. Will ye be packing you ilfauoured lowte.

Visita. Presently in dede from him thou shalt not go,
And why? because Gods will hath not determined so.

But

But in time thou treasure shalt be turned to ruste,
And as for pleasure he shall nowe attend on the Iust.
Gogs woundes these panges encrease euer more. Luste.
And my littell finger is spitefully sore, Inclina.
you will not beleue how my hele doth ake,
Nay let me alone your part I will take, to Visitatiõ Treasur
Be of good comforte whyle I here remaine. to Lust. Visita.
For pleasure and he shalbe parted in twaine,
It is not mete that he should be participate with lust
But rather with the vertuous godly and Iuste.
Remaine with me still maister pleasure I say. Luste.
Nay there is no remedy I must away, Pleasur
For where God doth sende punition and paine,
I pleasure in no case can not remaine.
I could in like case separate thy treasure, Visita.
But God doth admonishe thee by losing thy pleasure.
Go out Visitation and Pleasure,
Fare well in the deuils name olde lousy loute, Inclina.
That my maister will die I stand in great doubte,
Ho,ho,ho,howe is it with you maister Luste,
By the flesche of Goliah,yet Treasure is my truste, Luste.
Though pleasure be gone,and I liue in paine,
I doubt not but Treasure will fetche him againe.
Yea,that I will feare not & with you remayne. Treasur
The propertie of riche men vndoubtedly he hath, Inclina.
Whiche thinke with monie to pacifie Gods wrath,
And health at their pleasure to bye and to sell,
Howe is it maister Luste,are you any thing well.
Against this Visitation my harte doth rebell, Luste.
Gogs woundes,shall I still in these panges remaine.
Feare you not maister Lust,I wil helpe you againe Treasu
Treasure in phisicke exceadeth Gallenus,

Tuche there is no phisition but we shall haue with vs.
To the ease of your body they will you bringe,
And therefore I praie you dispaire in nothing,
But your trust alwayes in me lady treasure,
And I will restore you againe vnto pleasure.
For I am the Goddes that therein hath power,
Which shall remaine perfect vnto the last houre.

Inclina. Yea, yea, maister Luste, be as mery as you may,
Let Treasure be your truste who so euer say nay.

[Enter tyme.

Time. The auncient Grekes haue called me Chronos,
Whiche in our vulgar tongue signifieth time.
I am entred in presently for a certainly purpose,
Euen to turne treasure to ruste and to slime,
And Luste which hath long disdained the Juste,
Ensuing his filthy and vyle inclination,
Shall immediatly be turned to duste,
To the example of all the whole congregation,
For time bringeth both these matters to passe,
As experience hath taught in euery age,
And you shall beholde the same in this glasse,
As a document both profitable and sage,
Both Lust and treasure come foorth with spede
Into the shop of the most mighty God,
There shall you be beaten to pouder in dede,
And for your abusion, fele his scourge and rod.

Incli. By saint Mary, then they haue made a wise matche,
I pretende therefore to leape ouer the hatche,
Nay let me departe, syrs stop me not I saye,
For I must remayne though both these decaye.

[Go out.

Luste. Luste from the beginning frequented hath bene

In

A lacuna *occurs here in the original: one leaf, Sig.* E.iij, *is missing.*

Tushe there is no phisition but we shall haue with vs.
To the ease of your body they will you bringe,
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And I will restore you againe vnto pleasure.
For I am the Goddes that therein hath power,
Which shall remaine perfect vnto the last houre.

Inclina. Yea, yea, maister Luste, be as mery as you may,

¶ Praie for all estates.

TAke hede in tyme, and note this well,
Be ruled alwaies by councell.

Learne of the Just, to leade thy life
Being free from enuie, wrath and strife,
Presumption, pride, and couetousnesse,
With all other vngodlinesse.

Learne of them alwayes to obey
The Lordes preceptes from daye to daye,
That thou maiest walke as he doth wyll,
And labour thy fonde affectes to kill.

Alwayes subdue thy beastly luste,
And in the Lorde put hope and truste,
Bridle thine inclination
By godly conuersation.

The counsell of the wyse embrace,
The fooles aduise doe then deface,
Watche fast and praie with good delight,
That Adam may be killed quite.

That ioy in vs may still encrease,
That God the Lorde may giue vs peace,
That we may be content with Truste,
To haue our crowne among the Just.

Finis.

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Trial of Treasure
The Trial of Treasure

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